

Die Schuldigkeit des Ersten und Vornahmsten Gebotes

©  
P K 35

Number Six

13 November 1971

That is the title, up there, in all its blazing glory and power and regal splendour. This is a publication of Grendel Press, P.O. Box 8342, San Diego, California 92102. Telephone (714) 239-1574. Subscriptions 10/41. This magazine will not accept trade agreements, but write us anyway and we'll offer you a spectacular deal for our other magazines.

We regret to report that CHESS NUTS, our regular comic-strip feature by Phil Buckley, will not appear this issue. The author of this comic ardently solicits from readers ideas for future issues; send them to Eric Just, P.O. Box 131, Paoli, Oklahoma 73074. He will forward them to Phil.

Game 1971-BA ~ Fall 1902 Moves

SUN SETS ON BRITISH EMPIRE.  
BLACK AFRICA ON THE MARCH. GERMANY HIT  
BUT BLOATS ANYWAY.

AUSTRIA (Manogg): a vie (s) alb-tri. a ser (s) gre. a bud (s) alb-tri. a alb-tri. f gre (h).

ENGLAND (Barrows): a nwy (h). f nth (s) nwy. f nwg (s) nwy. f ec (s) fra bur-bel.

FRANCE (Peery): a bur-bel. a mar (s) par-bur. a par-bur. f glyon-nk spa sc. f spa sc-mid.

GERMANY (Just): a den (h). a rub-holl. a mun (h). f bel-nth.

ITALY (Walker): a two-mun. a ven-tvo. f nap-ion. f vmed-mid.

RUSSIA (Ward): a stp-nwy. a fin (s) stp-nwy. a ukr-(s) rum. a rum (h). f sev (s) rum. f swe (s) stp-nwy.

TURKEY (Mer Ploeg): No moves rec'd. a con, a bul, f bla, f aeg (h).

The English army Norway is annihilated. The German fleet Belgium retreats to Picardy (Germany also has the annihilation option, and builds may be conditional upon whether she takes it or not).

Supply center and build information on next page. The deadline for Fall 1902 Builds is Wednesday, December 1, 1971.

Supply centers held in 1902:

- A: vie, tri-, bud, ser, gra (5). even.  
E: ion, lvp, edi (3). even.  
F: mar, par, bre, spa, por, bel (6). build one.  
G: Ber, lun, kis, holl, den (5). build one.  
I: von, rom, nap, tun (4). even.  
R: stp, sev, nos, war, rum, nwy, swe (7). build one.  
T: con, smy, ank, bul (4). even.

Remember the deadline ~ 12-1-71.

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While typing this I am listening to an opera. It is a good opera. It is Mozart's Ascanio in Alba, a 'festa teatrale' composed in 1771 (k.111). Not bad for a fifteen-year-old. However, the recording company could have done better in hiring performers. For example, have you ever heard a lyric tenor gargle? Petro Munteanu is a magnificent goggler; if only he were a better tenor....

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The Poetry Contest: Note that next issue is the final time for submission of entries. Readers are referred to Issue #4 for details of the contest categories. I will delay the final ballot until Issue #8. But no entries can be accepted after 1 December 1971.

This issue we present the current crop of nineteen entries:

Category C ~ Bill Linden

#### BLOODYCORE

When despatches pass down the Wilhelmstrasse,  
And armies are mobilized,  
When the Hapsburg heir is in despair  
'Cause the Brenner has been surprised,  
When the rugged band of Norway's land  
Must dance to the bagpipes' tune  
Then is the backstabber's holiday, the diplomat's high noon!

Round a battered board slump the scheming horde  
To threaten and lie and plan,  
While the victims seek their vengeance to wreak  
And hold out as best they can.  
And they curse the time that the church bells chime  
Put the deadline that comes too soon,  
For sunset limits our holiday, the Diplomat's high noon!

So each beaten lad with visage mad  
Creeps back to his shadowy den.  
With bitter scowls he fiercely growls:  
"You'll never trick me again!"  
Till the grisly eight once more await

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The deadline that comes too soon,  
In the midst of our next high holiday, the Diplomat's high noon!

Category i - Eric Just

JUSTIUM

Einstein and Fermi have it made!  
Their names will always be displayed  
On periodic charts for all to see,  
But who will ever remember me?

When they discovered one-oh-three  
They didn't name it after me.  
Again on element one-oh-four  
Upon my name they shut the door.

They repeated that familiar jive  
When they discovered one-oh-five.  
But now I have them in a fix,  
For I have patented one-oh-six!

Category f - Rod Walker

POWERFUL

He may be despotic  
And a trifle psychotic,  
But fall down and worship Chairman Beshara,  
Or he'll scream today and scream tomorrow.

Category a\* - Eric Just

SOME BLANK VERSE ON THE BLANK GAMESMASTERING OF THAT BLANK WALKER

Walker's rulings are not with it;  
In fact, he acts like he's full of mustard.  
He makes mistakes like he was plastered  
And takes it out on the players, that Gamesmaster.  
His reasons are vague, they make you itch  
For sanity, that son-of-a-Walker.  
He must be stopped, he can't be well.  
I wish that he'd go straight to Jamul!

\* Category a was supposed to deal with Queen Lurleen, I think. I will check with the contest propagator. If so, this will be recategorized.

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category h - Eric Just

#### THE MOTH

The candle doth  
Confuse the moth.  
You think they'd learn;  
Instead they burn.

Category d - Rod Walker

#### ARTISTIC

One interesting aspect of Roman culture  
Was the preservation of great men in the cold storage of sculpture.  
Thus did the friends of Julius Caesar  
Cut him up for the freezer.

Category e - Dan Barrows

#### MORAL GUARDIANS OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Sing a song of mary jane ~  
A pocket full of grass.  
Four-and-twenty vice-squad cops  
a-stoned out on their ass.  
And when the Feds investigated  
How they began to sing!  
A rather merry scandal 'twas  
For good Sir Dick, our King.

Category i - Eric Just

#### TWINKLE

Twinkle, twinkle, little star;  
I have found out what you are.  
Hydrogen for you to burn  
And angular momentum to let you turn.

Category c - Bill Linden

A pawnbroker out of Poictesme  
Once said to the Devil, "Ahem!  
Though you may well be right,  
And I'm not certain quite,  
You should hesitate me to condemn."

category d - Bill Linden

UNSHAKABLE

Said doublethinking Dr. Boardman,  
"With anything will my theory accord, man!  
No matter what the defendant may say,  
It's proof of his guilt, so take him away!"

category f - Rod Walker

DESERVINGLY

Scarlett O'Hara  
And Chairman Beshara  
Have at least one thing in common:  
Each needs to be spanked by someone.

Category d - Rod Walker

DEADLY

Lucretia Borgia  
Puts nightshade in the wine she orgia.  
She sends all her beaux  
To unnatural eternal repeaux.

Category i - John McCallum\*

THE FEUD  
between the Limerick and the triune Distich.

San Diego: One John is surnamed The Flanker,  
The other's as rich as a banker;  
This pair of B's  
Were busy as bees,  
They raped the DA till they sank 'er.

New York: Then there's Rod who thinks he is God, Oh, what a clod!  
But he's not so dreary as hearing Peeryacheering Peery.

Category i - Eric Just

A BRIEF LAMENT

A bird dropped uric acid  
Upon me as he passed.

\* Because of the inseparable nature of these two segments, I have not separated them; thus they are ineligible for Category F.

Category b ~ Rod Walker

THE EDITOR'S COMPLAINT TO HIS CAT

The sun on the couch is warm, and the bed is soft;  
As is the rug, if you prefer not to be aloft.  
There are lots of places on which you can sleep,  
Or on which you may a waking feline vigil keep.  
I do not understand why you should hold  
So dear a place that is both hard and cold.  
I realize that up here you are so statuesque ~  
But will you please get the hell off my desk?

Category i ~ Eric Just

TITS

Rose's are red,  
Violet's are blue:  
She ran naked in snow  
At minus forty-two.

Category c ~ Bill Linden

A postal Diplomacy Nero  
Would make himself out as a hero.  
When the Philistine mob  
Have finished their job,  
Then lire will fall straight to zero.

Category h ~ Eric Just

THE MOSQUITO

Hickory, dickory, dock,  
A mosquito landed on Spock.  
But he let out a gripe  
That "This guy isn't ripe!" ~  
His green blood had caused quite a shock.

Category i ~ Conrad von Metzke

CONRAD'S FERVENT PRAYER TO THE ALMIGHTY GOD

Thank you for the food we eat,  
Thank you for the birds that tweet.  
Thank you for enormous feet,  
You fuckhead.

BETTER FLAGS AND GUIDONS. Spring 1903 Edition. (Note that this edition was confiscated by customs officials in Russia, Turkey, and Italy.)

Some question has been raised as to the origin of the flag of the recently-proclaimed 'Grand Duchy of Sevastopol.' A communication from JAMUL indicates that this design has been previously used by another nation. This may well be true, but BF&G disputes this previous use as the origin of the Sevastopol flag. Having exchange privileges with the International Enquirer, we are able to firmly state that the flag of Sevastopol is merely the package design, without the printing, of Orificial Mint Flavored Contraceptive and Prophylactic Louche. The circle stands for 'Orificial,' an combination of the words 'orifice' and 'efficient.' The green triangle is symbolic of the female pubic region. The color also indicates the flavor; the same design in pink is used for wintergreen, red for the raspberry, yellow for the lemon, etc. I.E. advises that upon awakening on the day of the proclamation of Sevastopoliten independence (with a heavy taste of mint in his mouth), Colonel Grand Duke Popogord realized that he needed a flag to display, and chose the first emblem that came to his sight.

"Dear Pussen,

You know very well why my activities that summer in New Orleans were confined to photography. As a Southern Gentleman I allowed you to precede me upon the occasion of our first adventure together. Fortunately Vienna is the medical center of Europe, so aside from the frustrations of that summer I suffered no lasting ill effects. Apparently Rome's doctors are not as efficient, however, and Queen Sarah knows this; you really wanted to be Prince Consort, didn't you? But there would then be no dynasty. Cheer up, though, Pussen. You can break your vows of celibacy all you wish to, and won't have to worry about leaving any tell-tale evidence behind. I hope you will let Queen Sara know that the Tyrolean winters can be very unhealthy for soldiers from the sunny lands of the middle sea.  
Attilio."

JAMUL: International Enquirer's newspaper rack here has been demolished. Local authorities report that it was blasted to smithereens in a violent windstorm. This apparently happened last Tuesday evening, when the wind swept up from Casa de Oro at one kilometer per hour, viciously blowing leaves a foot or two and causing even the sturdiest oaks to stand still. However, the poor unfortunate I.M. rack was a total loss, and even the newspapers it contained are crumpled and charred (an unusual effect for a chill autumn wind). Neither the San Diego Onion nor the Hog-Callers Monthly Almanac racks were bothered. When the I.M. agent called the sheriff to report the incident, the deputy politely placed the call on hold while some business was completed, then went to lunch. Moments later the phone booth from which the correspondent was calling was blown over and annihilated by the same windstorm. Since no further investigation was requested by anyone, the newspaper rack file has been closed.

(Dispute our claims, will you, Manogg?)

THE PHILOSOPHER OF STANZA ISLM: The Russian race has been accused of many evil traits, but one thing they could never be called is decadent. They never advanced far enough to be able to regress.

SEVASTOPOL: Colonel Grand Duke Popogord declared the Grand Duchy of Sevastopol neutral in the Austro-Turkish war. "We need to save our strength to repel the Russian attack. While we don't really like either one, we don't have enough confidence in either to ally, nor enough disdain for either to attack."

ST. PETERSBURG: Tsar Nicholas announced the addition of Norway to the Trans-Scandinavian Republic. "We have now achieved peace in Scandinavia," he said, "but I understand there is some fighting going on in Scotland and Ireland. Oh well, a peacemaker's work is never done." Tsar Nicholas also announced that for the present no action would be taken against the Sevastopolitan rebels. "They will see the error of their ways and return to the fold."

SEVASTOPOL: Colonel, now Full General, Grand Duke Popogord announced his neutrality in the Austro-Turkish War "unless one of them starts to outflank us."

SACRAMENTO: Wrong! WRONG! WRONG! It is not the flag of Lincoln High School, Major Swift's middle name was not Scott, and Frank Curran could not successfully plot a trip to the refrigerator and back, let alone mischief. The Flag remains a mystery.

JAMUL: Actually, I wasn't thinking of Major Swift, I was thinking of R. Scott Clem. I also wasn't thinking of the actual flag of Lincoln, I was thinking of some of the inventive tomfoolery of Clem and Ward and Johnson and yr. hmbl. srvt. in our lasting crusade to prevent the flagship of the Turkish navy from oblivion and delousing. And as for Curran, he could too plan a refrigerator raid - depending, of course, on what was in the refrigerator.

SACRAMENTO: Elements of the 175th Interrogation Team, on loan from Colonel Popogord of Grand Sevastopol, today announced they have followed up the suspension of diplomatic contact with the Jamulian rebels with the suspension, by the neck, of some of the ringleaders, including Captain Matselboba, and MSG Treskanoff of the Jamulian infantry.

JAMUL: Frightening rumors of several prominent local citizens, leaders in the fight to free Sacramento from the grip of Ronald Reagan and other pestilences, having been hanged were ripe for a while, but all turns out to be well. The 175th made one crucial mistake; they cut the bodies down after only four days. That is hardly enough to take the wind out of the likes of Bill Matselboba. Thus the 'executed' patriots have returned home hale and hearty, and a new offensive is being mounted (giving rise to the slogan, 'Being mounted by a Jamulian is offensive').

JAMUL: Reports from Sacramento of the pregnancy of Dame H. Princetonia Garrigus, lately head nurse in an obscure torture chamber, have been confirmed by the birth of Princetonia's offspring late last night. Also confirmed is the success of Phase I of the Jamul Battle Plan, which called for the forcible rape of Princetonia: The father is none other than our own glorious Woody Giles! Dame Princetonia was delivered of a nine-pound, seven-ounce tongue.

DULZURA: This advance base of the Jamul Guard reported the capture of the entire 175th Interrogation Team, a band of Sevastopolitan degenerates, as they tried to infiltrate and complete their botched job

of executing several local heroes. The Interrogators were led into a field and shot in the feet, causing the bullets to penetrate the brains and resulting in hideous screams before death mercifully arrived. The bodies were then mutilated, stripped, and strung up on telephone lines all along U.S. 101, warning motorists not to risk siding with the Sacramento factions. Among the effects recovered was a document indicating that Jack E. Leonard is not dead after all, but merely reposes in undiluted agony in a Sevastopolitan dungeon, his eyelids sewn open and the walls covered with pictures of Colonel Popogord. Something will have to be done about this.

DEFINITION: Crifcient: A good method of mining gold.

PEERIS (2 Sept. 1902): I don't trust anybody in this game. I think there is this huge plot among the Bavarian Illuminati in which Rod Walker is secretly manipulating Eric Just and Dan Barrows for his own sinister purposes and which are intended to harm me. So my moves are designed to screw anybody who tries to screw me!

PEERIS (no date): /a billboard/ BESHARA HAS A BETTER IDEA!

PEERIS (3 Sept. 1902): The Ministry of Culture announced today a new exhibition had opened at the National Gallery featuring the works of Tintoretto Peericelli's collection. Among featured works are: A Bust of Margaret Gemignani Contemplating a Maidenform Bra; A Bust of Jesus Bar-Shara Contemplating a Pomegranate; Three Kings Baring Their Knives; The Night Battle; New Ego Heights From Nowhere; Bubblegum and Third Graders; and his newest masterpiece, A Self-Portrait of Eric Blake.

CANNES (7 Sept. 1902): Queen Lurleen arrived back here today to throw a wild bash at the Casino celebrating the 2500th anniversary of the first violation of her virginity. Among those attending were: Lorenzo Peericelli, Minister of State; Alexei Peeripopoff, Prime Minister of Russia; Count Serge Peerijavo; and Mrs. Loretta Damresty Hortense, confidante of the Queen.

PEERIS (9 Sept. 1902): The French Government today declared war on Turkey Ver Ploeg and allowed the recruitment of soldiers in France by the Chicken a la King family.

JAMUL: You can buy a self-portrait of Queen Lurleen in any stationery store for cheap. In fact, where I buy them, you get 200 in a package for 59¢. And best of all, they've left off all unnecessary detail, which means you can use both sides fully for writing letters.

"Dear Attilio:

My, how time flies. The last time we saw you, you were...oh, well; at least it cleared up the question on our mind as to why the only thing that seemed to interest you in Le Maison Chat was taking pictures.

"We see that you have gotten quite high in the world...not in that you weren't always high on something or other. And now here you are, wearing a cast-off Hapsburg crown, sitting on a cast-off Hapsburg throne, and running a castoff Hapsburg country. Your taste for Hapsburg drop-pings must, we suppose, explain that small brown object in your coat of arms.

"Do give our regards to Massa Bob. We have not heard much from him since we excommunicated Virginia and South Carolina.

"We were pleased to receive the Austrian line on foreign policy, noting that it strongly resembles the Borgia coat of arms. It is of

course Our intention to work for world peace; however, We are sure you understand that true peace cannot be achieved until certain territories illegally taken by certain barbarian tribes are restored to the authority of the Roman Senate.

"You will have to excuse us. There seem to be some rocks coming in the windows.

H.H. Felix VI, Pap.Rom.i.Nom.X.Dei Grat."

ROME (26 Aug. 1902): The total collapse of the Royal Government in Italy has caught the entire world by surprise. Queen Sara-Allenea has fled to France (or maybe to Austria, or maybe to Sugar-Plum Mountain), while Pope Felix was last seen booking passage to New Orleans. A new government has been proclaimed by Emilio Lasagna, First Secretary of the Free Independent Democratic Socialist People's Party.

ROME (27 Aug. 1902): The People's National Assembly of Workers', Peasants', Priests', Prostitutes', and Grape-Stompers' Deputies today proclaimed an end to the Italian Monarchy, making the country the Democratic Unified Free Italian Socialist Republic. First Secretary Emilio Lasagna was, of course, proclaimed President of the Republic, Chairman of the Council of Ministers, People's Pope of the Roman People's Socialist Catholic Church, Protector of the People's Liberties, Hero of the Revolution, Heir of Marx and Engels and All That Good Stuff, Chief Spicy Meatzball, &c., &c., &c., et cetera. Shortly thereafter, Chairman Emilio appeared on the People's Balcony of the People's Government Palace, dressed simply in common red plush, bordered with proletarian ermine, with a homey cape in homespun cloth-of-gold, and waved to the cheering, chanting crowd below. Chairman Emilio spoke for five hours, stating that the era of milk and honey was just around the corner, but there would have to be a few sacrifices first. He then announced that the Assembly of Lotsa Kinda Deputies (as it is affectionately known in the capital) had decreed a 15-hour work day, rationing of everything except tomato paste, closing of all major papers except the People's Free Socialist Press, complete censorship of mail, and total confiscation of 'a few elitist and non-proletarian items' such as gold, silver, platinum, and foreign currency.

JAMUL: And whom do you suppose turned up here yesterday, folks? Yep. Sara-Allenea McDougaliano, ex-Queen of Italy, good grammar and all. Just back from France, Austria, and Sugar Plum Mountain, Nova Scotia, she looked just as ravishing as ever. Which was never very. Her first words to the crowd were, "You sure don't look like them Nops back home." When asked to comment on the change of governments in her homeland, Sara-Allenea stated simply, "Emilio is a tyrant, a despot, a dictator, an absolutist, and a pig. He shall be overthrown. Maybe not in his lifetime, but he will be."

Apparently the facade of democracy thrown up (what an apropos line!) by Emilio Lasagna has not fooled Sara-Allenea. The Jamulians, however, are not only fooled by both Emilio and Sara-Allenea; they are also totally bored. At this writing nobody in town knows the whereabouts of the ex-monarch, principally because nobody has bothered to look.

and another worthless rag dribbles to a finish....until Dec. 1, '71.